

THE KENTUCKY SENTINEL.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, THE FARM INTERESTS, HOME MATTERS, CHOICE MISCELLANY, AND INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

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TIME OF HOLDING COURTS.

Circuit Court—1st Monday in August and February.
County Court—3rd Monday in every month.
Court of Claims—3rd Monday in November.
Quarterly Court—3rd Monday in January, April, July and October.
Police Court—1st Saturday in every month.
Justice Courts—are held in the months of March, June, September and December.
1st District—Ellis Dean, 1st Saturday.
Wm. Henry, 4th Saturday; Jno. W. Highland, Constable.
2nd District—B. F. Cockrell, 1st Friday.
Lewis C. Wright, 4th, Thursday; James D. Tipton, Constable.
3rd District—Elijah Coons, 2nd Wednesday; P. C. Bedford, 4th Friday; Isaac E. Johnson, Constable.
4th District—Levi C. Kash, 2nd Saturday; W. J. Salyers, 4th Tuesday; R. G. Salyer, Constable.
5th District—Wm. C. Coons, 1st Thursday; Louis Dehard, 3rd Thursday; J. W. Burroughs, Constable.

SOCIETIES.

MASONIC.
Montgomery Lodge, No. 23.—Stated meetings on the 2d and 4th Thursday nights in each month.

JESSE OREN, W. M.
H. R. FRENCH, Sec'y.

Mount Hope R. A. Chapter, No. 21.—Stated meetings on the 1st Friday in each month, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

B. F. WATTS, Sec'y.

Montgomery Commandery, No. 5.—Stated meetings second Friday in each month.
LEWIS APPERSON, E. C.

I. O. O. F.
Watson Lodge, No. 32.—Regular meetings every Monday night. Hall on Mayville Street.

R. W. FILBIN, N. G.
WM. HOFFMAN, Sec'y.

Refuge Encampment, No. 35.—Regular meetings 1st and 3d Friday nights in each month. Hall same as above.

J. D. WILSON, C. P.
THOS. HOFFMAN, Scribe.

I. O. G. T.
Ebenzer Lodge, No. 34.—Meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the Old Fellows' Hall.

Degree Lodge.—Regular meeting 2d Friday night in each month. Hall same as above.
D. B. GARRISON, W. C. T.
W. W. GRUBB, W. S.

BUSINESS CARDS.

THOS. TURNER. D. B. GARRISON.
TURNER & GARRISON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
MOUNT STERLING, KY.

Will practice in all the Courts of Montgomery and Powell counties, and in the Court of Appeals. Mr. Turner will continue to practice in Bath and Clark counties.
Office, Main Street. [Jan 22.]

O. S. TENNEY,
Attorney at Law,
MT. STERLING, KY.

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and the adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
Office on Mayville street, near the Court House. [Sept. 22.]

JOHN J. CORNELISON,
Attorney at Law,
MT. STERLING, KY.

Office in the Old Fellows' new building, Public Square, opposite Court House, Dec. 9-11.

R. APPERSON, JR. RICHARD REID,
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Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and in all the adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to all business.
Office at Reid & Reid's old stand. Jan. 9.

ROBERT RIDDELL. ROBERT FLUTY
RIDDELL & FLUTY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Will practice in all the Courts of the 13th judicial district, and in the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to collections. [Oct. 1.]

DR. R. P. GUERRANT,
Physician and Surgeon.

Offers his professional services to the people of Montgomery and adjoining counties.
Office over Col. Shackelford's, opposite Rail Road office, in Tenney's new block, where he may be found day and night, except when professionally absent. [Sept. 1-y.]

DR. BALLS & VANANTWERP,
DENTISTS
Office, Main Street, Drake's Building, up stairs over Herman's Clothing Store. [Jan 22-1y.]

A CASE FOR SOLOMON.

Curious Contest Between Two Women as to the Possession of a Child—A Baby in a Basket.

N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 4.

A case just been decided in the Supreme Court which will be read with a good deal of interest, and is in fact a somewhat remarkable story. It appears that in 1870 Miss Harriet Evans (it is said that this is not her true or full name) became a mother and entrusted her child, which bore peculiar marks of depression on the temples, to the care of Mrs. Fanny Wemple, paying for its keeping \$25 per month. Gradually this compensation was reduced, with the consent of Mrs. Wemple, to \$15 per month, clothing being sent, however, as usual. At last, maternal yearnings induced her to take back the child and rear it herself. Her surprise, according to her own story, can be imagined when, having intimated her determination to Mrs. Wemple's mother, Mrs. Ellen Wickens, the latter replied coolly: "You needn't bother about the child. It isn't yours. That child was left here in a basket." The alarmed young lady went to Mrs. Wemple and asked her what her mother meant, and Mrs. Wemple said that one day the child was put into a basket by some one, and left at the door as a strange child, and that ever since it had been a joke with them that the child had been left there in a basket. Miss Evans was, however, unable to get back her child, and took legal measures to recover it. Mrs. Wemple fled to New Jersey with the child, and remained hidden until brought to light by the police. The affair promptly came before the courts, and as Mrs. Wemple clung to the basket story, a reference was ordered to Eugene H. Pomeroy to find out which of the women had a claim to the child, when Miss Evans told the story as above given.

On the other side, Mrs. Wemple admitted receiving an infant from Miss Evans and the payment of \$25 per month; but she maintained, nevertheless, that the child in dispute did not belong to Miss Evans. She accounted for the second child by saying that Miss Evans' child was sickly (which was admitted), and that some weeks after Mrs. Wemple took it to nurse, some one left a basket containing a fine, healthy child at their door and ran away; that Mrs. Wickens thereupon took Miss Evans' child to the Foundling Hospital in Washington square, pulled the bell and ran away, and kept the more fortunate child—This course the old lady adopted because a child of Mrs. Wemple died some time before, and it was not desirable for her sake to have another child taken from her by death. The fight to New Jersey was admitted, but Mrs. Wemple said she did it purely because she had become greatly attracted to the little stranger and partly because she wanted Miss Evans to pay up arrears.

An interesting link in this curious story was supplied by two men who testified in regard to the basket. George Hodges testified that he knew Mrs. Wickens, and that at her request he put the child (alleged to have been found at the door) in a basket, and gave it to an unknown man, who for \$20 left the child at the door. This man—who, it appears, is Henry Chase—testified that he was the person who got the \$20 and left the child as stated. All the witnesses remembered the peculiar mark on the child's neck. Mr. Wickens told again the story of the finding of the child, stating that it was in March, 1871. The doctor who attended Miss Evans was examined, his testimony being pretty clearly in favor of the identity of the two children, and Miss Evans herself, who saw the child frequently, insisted that there had been no change of babies. A woman in New Jersey, who saw Mrs. Wemple there testified, that she frequently heard the latter say the child was Miss Evans', and that she would not give it up unless compelled to do so.

The referee in a long report expressed his disbelief in the basket story, and stated that the testimony of the two men and Mrs. Wickens was, in his opinion, grand perjury. Finally, he decided in favor of Miss Evans. The application for the confirmation of this report was made to Judge Pratt, in chambers of the Supreme Court last week, by John O. Mott, Granville P. Hawes opposing. Judge Pratt has decided in favor of Miss Evans' claim.

Senator Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware, brother of the present Senator, used to tell the following story of his slave Bill, as an illustration of the ingratitude of the colored race. At a time when \$1,000 each was being paid for substitutes, Bill was drafted, and his master at considerable inconvenience, raised the \$1,000 and paid him out. Bill went home, but the next day he was missing. Going to look for him, who should the Senator see but his favorite servant, reveling in a brand new uniform, and wheeling into a column with a company of recruits, who were being actively put through the drill. The man had gone back to the officer and received and pocketed the money which his master had paid the day before his release.

Entertain no thought which you would blush to speak.

STARTING A NEWSPAPER.

A Little Experience with a Hungry Evening Daily.

Bolt, Burdett in the Burlington Hawkeye.

The [Peoria (Ill.) Review] is to be sold at sheriff's sale this morning, to satisfy a mortgage. We are under obligations to a Peoria friend for promptly advising us of this opportunity to regain an interest in that excellent paper, cheap but we don't want any. We have loved the Review; so did the gods; hence it has died young, less than a year and a half old. It marked an era in our journalistic career which we love to ponder over, with tears. It was the only daily paper we helped to start. It precious soon got the start of everybody connected with it. We had the little twilight twinkler for nearly a quarter of a year. Then it had us the rest of the time. The insatiable man that pretty deceitful little sheet, in its nobby, metropolitan dress of minion and nonpareil, had for companions, the wild, ungoverned appetite it had for skulls, the excellent voice it had, which it retained to the last, for Louis d'ors; the avidity with which it reached out for base bullion, and the equal avidity with which it didn't let any! Such a fearful old infatuation it was on the Dr. side; such a terrible contractionist it was on the Cr. side! We hope it will sell well. We hope the mortgage will be satisfied. If it is, it will be the first thing the Review ever satisfied. We hope some good man will buy it and run it successfully, though we doubt if it can be made to do better than it did under Mr. Coffinberry's excellent and careful management. But with all due regard and tender feeling for the journal of our earliest love and highest aspirations, we do not wish any more of the fruit, if you please. Life is too short to throw away on such a hollow vanity as a Peoria evening daily. We would much rather not kind of try to have anything to do with it, hardly any at all. If at any time we desire to renew the fierce excitement of those sweet days, we can wait till harvest and go up in the country and crawl into a thrashing machine, or in a city where so many saw mills ply the busy buzz saw in us in Burlington, we can find pasture of a less exciting and arduous character than running the Review, it is true, but still sufficiently exhilarating for a man of a rather phlegmatic temperament. We do not wish to run any evening dailies down there on our own hook. That is, not just at present. We may at some time, along some time after the millennium, may be, but we are too young for such onerous duties now. And then, since we came to Burlington we have become so dreadfully addicted to telling the truth that we are about ruined for Peoria newspaper work, any how.

Thackeray on Female Society.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, a tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and are revolting, or what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a pure epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sancey, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking with a well regulated, kindly woman about her girl Fanny or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society, is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we raven for ourselves, we light our pipes, and we say we won't go out, we prefer ourselves and our cases; and the greatest good that comes to man from woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

A Boston artist, who excels as an animal painter, saw as he was passing through one of the rural towns of Massachusetts a very animated looking bull. Thinking he would like to take him on canvas he got permission of the owner, an honest old farmer, and in due time produced an excellent likeness of the bull, which he sold for \$200. On seeing the farmer soon after he told him he had sold the picture of his bull for \$200. "Good gracious!" said the old man; "why, I would have sold the bull for less than that!"

A young lady stopping in Brattleboro for a few days, sent a friend of hers to the store to get a pair of shoes. She told her friend, to get number five, but her friend, being anxious to secure a good fit for her, ordered the store-keeper to change the mark on a pair of sevens. He did so, and the lady said they fitted better than any she had in a long time.

A Showman's Gratitude.

It must have been in or about the year 1830 that a peripatetic circus company pitched their tent in the village of Staunton, in the Valley of Virginia, for the profit to be reaped from the patronage of country gent, yokel, and plantation hands, and gave such an entertainment of light fantastic equestrianism, athletic contortion, and ground-and-lofty tumbling as has not yet lost its periodical zest for rural neighborhoods. The small village inn and every other receptacle for transitory guests, were taxed to give temporary domicile to the small army of show people. But one there was of the cavalcade who, instead of billeting with his comrades, took the first opportunity to slip away from both tent and village, and follow a winding road afar among retired plantations.

This was a mere boy, haggard and precociously rueful of glance and figure, escaping from bondage in which frequent stripes had not been wanting to make him more than something lower than a horse in nightly feasts of the arena. Things had come to such a pitch in his maltreated young life that he preferred a future of beggary on foot to the last-counteracted tinsel of the beggar on horseback, and upon reaching the stately Brittingham plantation, he began his new career by asking for a glass of water. The sight of the white boy on the tramp was a novelty for that part of the country in those patriarchal days, and hence the whole household, with the planter at their head, were attracted to the scene.

Upon being kindly questioned by old Mr. Brittingham, the fugitive Smike of the circus frankly told his story and situation, and that with a piteous earnestness of speech and manner which might have excited sympathy from the roughest phase of human nature. His response was an offer of immediate refuge and protection in the good old, hearty hospitable style and the whimper with which he accepted did him no harm in the estimation of his new friends.

Henceforth the runaway of the ring was a privileged inmate of the fine house for a year, enjoying every kindness that benevolence could devise; but at the end of that period, when another circus was tented in neighboring Staunton, and he went there with the throng to see, the influence of the old habit proved stronger in his nature than the newer ambition, and the boy being naturally of sawdust to the sawdust returned, not, however, without something gained for the refinement of his whole future life, in a sentiment of ardent gratitude to his benefactors, and an ardent to excel in his natural lot for the honor of that beneficent emotion. Only a circus-rider was he again, to be sure, but the something of a better sphere of life with which he went back to horses and clowns was a something put into him to make him rise above the creatures of meaner experience.

By skill as a performer, sobriety, of private character, and a shrewdness not the less effectual for its honesty, his progress through the remaining years of his minority was a continual ascent, and in his twenty-first year he had attained the dignities of manager and proprietor. Many times in these prosperous days he brought his thriving circus to Staunton, and always improved the opportunity to present himself at the hospitable door where a simple glass of water had been the tent of the showman with that of the soldier in the once happy valley at last, and Sheridan rode to the slaughter where erst the peaceful vaulter through hoops had urged his spangled steed in the merry round of the ring.

While the circus still gathered gold grain in distant uninvaded States, fire and sword raged in tempests around the home of the Brittings, until smoke-blackened chimneys marked the place where that home had been, and the churchyard closed upon the aged eyes most mournful for the desolation. Not until the spring of 1870 could the circus man, now well advanced in years himself, hear again of the surviving family that, upon the destruction of their home, and the death of their chief had wandered away from the old plantation. At the time mentioned, when the new mammoth enterprise was giving entertainments in Kansas, a poorly dressed, hollow-cheeked man applied for some unskilled employment about the tents.

"Your name," said the rich show man, "is Brittingham?"

There could be but one answer, reluctantly given:

"Yes."

With a strange look the rich proprietor grasped both hands of the other in his own.

"Then," said he, "You are the son of the best man that ever lived, and I thank God that you have come to share in all that your father has a mortgage upon for eternity. Take my tent, my people, my horses, my bank-book, and then you'll have just the interest of the one unpaid debt of my life."

Here was good feeling and no mistake; the kind of feeling that needs some sort of unexpectedness of origin to make perfectly sublime, and just

enough of the commonness of common natures about it to excuse nature's common way of betraying its simplest effect. The two men cried over each other without the slightest regard to sex, and then the Southerner begged as well as he could by finally consenting to accept a loan—only that—of \$5,000 for the purchase of a farm.

The Yankee would not "let up on him," to use his own words, a cent cheaper, and added a season ticket to the show for the whole family. Two years later the aforesaid out-and-out, double-and-twisted, dyed-in-the-wool Down Easter was at Washington with his "city of tents," chromatic posters, unrivalled array of talent, and other epizotic symptoms. One night after the performance he was sitting in the room of his hotel, making merry with certain friends, when a card was handed to him by a waiter, followed by his immediately invited owner. Mr. Brittingham, of Kansas, now in a high state of agricultural affluence, had called to pay back that loan, on his way down to Virginia to see what could be done for the restoration of the old place.

"He wants to pay me back, gentlemen—pay me back!" ejaculated the showman, by way of general introduction to the company. "Why heaven bless you, my boy, if it was twenty-five thousand I'd dodge you as many years to make you keep it—and a hundred thousand more. You're the son of the best man that ever lived; a man that made a man of me; and I'd like to see myself paid back."

Fortune-telling by a Gipsy Queen.
Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

Some of the up-town chaps had their fortunes told on Tuesday by a handsome, brown-complexioned woman, who called herself a gipsy queen. Her name was Clara Stanley. She was tall, well proportioned, with hair and eyes very black. In her hair she wore a silver comb, surmounted by a coronet of gold. Four gold chains were round her neck, from each of which depended one of the emblems of the zodiac. On her breast was suspended a large cross of Guinea gold. Her long, slender fingers were covered with fine old rings given to her by the nobles of England. Her feet were small and aristocratic. She was dressed in a habit of blue plaid, and she reigned over a tribe belonging to the Ninth Division of the Roman Empire. We can not, of course, give the fortunes of all these young men, and must therefore confine ourselves to a description of an interview with a young legal gentleman.

Said the Queen, as she gently took his hand, "I tell you your character from your face, from the way you walk, from the haughty flash of your eyes, and the quick way you lift your head. But when I tell you past and your future, I look at the palms of your hands, and by the marked and wrinkles read what you have been. Both yours were born under Mars, under Venus, and under Jupiter, which means war, love and fortune. There's a very strange mixture in your case. You are full of contradictions as any man I have ever seen on this side of the water. You are quick and high-spirited, and trusts yourself and then your friends. You never takes a love for any woman you can't take it off easy as you can put it on. Now your flowers though you very choice. You are haughty, you tender; you would go through fire and water for those you love, and smite those that offend thee." Further than this, she actually told the young man some facts that had taken place a number of years ago, which astonished him very much, for they were actually true. How she became acquainted with these matters which were supposed to be locked up in his own breast, and that of only one other person who is many hundreds of miles away, is pretty hard to tell. Yet she did it, describing persons and giving their full names.

There is a locality in Breckinridge county, near the Hardin line, containing some eight or ten acres, in which no animal can live any length of time, owing to the strong miasma. A short time since the owner of the ground undertook to clear it and with his son proceeded to the work. The son was overcome, and it was with difficulty that the father, affected as he was, could get himself and son out. A calf was turned in the place, and soon after died. There is nothing in the looks of the place, or the smell of the atmosphere, to indicate the deadly miasma hovering over it. All the above is amply vouched for in every particular.—[Elizabethtown News.]

If the fainting Treasury girls had only gone forth and got drunk, as did the discharged male employees, it would have been an argument in favor of the ability of women to "meet man on his own ground," as the women suffrage people say.

"Your future husband seems very exciting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the ceremony, "these are his last wishes."

Let us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up—do not heap scorn upon them.

A Woman's View of the Case.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

A lady in Virginia City, Nev., who formerly used to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach, was asked by her husband what she thought of the Beecher-Tilton scandal. She answered that she was sorry for it all. "But," persisted her husband, "do you believe it has any foundation in fact?" The wife, very gravely, and after a long pause, replied: "It might have. Henry Ward Beecher, when a more youthful married a simple girl not a thousandth part his equal then, and since she has developed into one of the most ordinary of women—he in a man such as is not fashioned among men once in a century. His great mind takes in all knowledge, his soul, sometimes as it shines from his eyes, seems like a light to point men's earth-dimmed sight toward immortality, while his heart encompasses the whole earth with its boundless charity. Then Mrs. Tilton is a gifted, winning woman, married to one as unlike her as can be. It would not be strange, perhaps, if it proved true that this wonderful man and this ill-mated woman were attracted toward each other; maybe they have both done wrong; but if they have, hers is the greater sin; for, as of old, the woman must have tempted him." "But," asked the husband, "if it is true, what think you of his still preaching?" Then came a longer pause; but at last the true woman looked up frank and clear, and said: "You never listened to Henry Ward Beecher. He never assumed self righteousness. His starting point is that we are all sinners, himself included; and I doubt not but his people feel that the world can not afford to lose such a brain and such a heart as his, even if what is surmised be true. If he is a fallen angel, he has still more glory about him than common mortals; even if he fails at last to reach the shining city, he can guide others on the way better than any other among the children of men."

A Kentucky Female Stock Drover.

The Pittsburg Leader gives the following sketch of a Kentucky lady who has as much self reliance and courage as the wives and daughters of the pioneers who mastered under Kenton and Boone:

The advent of drovers at the East Liberty Stock-yards is not generally heralded with any extraordinary flourish of trumpets, though there is considerable bellowing at times when there is an arrival of stock. But when a female drover—a genuine female drover, or we might call her a droveress—made her appearance out there early last Monday morning, riding on top of a car with the other drovers, you may imagine it caused something of a sensation. The lady's name is Mrs. Margaret Magee, and she hails from Cynthiana, Ky. She brought along two car loads of cattle, and was accompanied by her son, seventeen years of age. She is rather good looking, robust in figure, and probably thirty-five or thirty-eight years of age. She owns four hundred acres of land in a high state of cultivation in the blue grass region, and is monarch of all she surveys. She raises stock, and has shipped stock several times before, but this is the first trip she has gone into the business, and into the caboose car like the other drovers. She is the widow of a drover who died some time ago and left her to shift for herself, and she is doing it nobly. She is treated with the greatest respect and courtesy by the other drovers, and her first trip among the jovial class of drovers exerted a decidedly beneficial influence. Nothing was done or said in her presence to which she could take exceptions, and her first reception being so cordial and gentlemanly on the part of the drovers and all others with whom she has had occasion to mingle, she will doubtless continue to accompany her stock to the East Liberty Yards in the future. There is no use in singing "Who will care for mother now?" about such women as Mrs. Magee.

Cut This Out.—A tea made of peach leaves is a sure cure of kidney complaint. A plaster made of fresh slack lime and fresh tar is a sure cure for a cancer, which, with its roots, will come out. A tea made of chestnut leaves, drunk in place of water, will cure the most obstinate cases of dropsy in a few days. A tea made of ripe and dried whortleberries, and drunk in place of water, is a sure and speedy cure for scrofulous difficulties however bad. So say, at least, a number of our most respectable exchanges.

Mrs. Minnie A. Bedell, of Elmore, Vt., advertises the departure of her husband in the following classic language: "Whereas, my charming husband, Daniel C. Bedell, has left me for the twelfth time, without just cause or provocation, this is to warn all persons from trusting him on my account as I am done paying his debts and supporting him. Hereafter he must cut his own feed or starve."

A married lady, who is in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened to be taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, and then returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I come back?"

How They Used the Old Man.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Dr. Henry Southell, an old man of sixty, lives with his son-in-law on Hastings street, and it is said that the aged pioneer has a temper like a bear poked up with a hot pitchfork. He grunts and snarls around at every thing and every body, and there is no peace in the house until his eyes and mouth are closed in sleep. He took a new tack a few days ago, and threatened to commit suicide if his whims were not humored. The family didn't really think he would do such a thing, but they weren't sure, and so they were rather soft on him for a few days. Saturday night he got some odd notion into his head, and the family flatly refused to gratify it. He said he would take poison, but they were firm. Along in the night he was heard groaning and rolling around, having an attack of bilious colic, and the family roused up under the idea that he had taken a deadly dose. He wouldn't say he hadn't, as he wanted to have revenge on them. The boy ran for a doctor, the woman hunted for mustard, and the son-in-law dashed about after eggs. He got a couple, broke the whites into a teacup, and ordered the old man to open his potato trap. Old man wouldn't but he was taken by the throat and made to. The eggs were followed by mustard. He shut his gums together, but the son-in-law sat down on him and jabbed the end of a tooth-brush into his mouth until he opened it. When the old man heard them call for tepid water he said it wasn't a case of poisoning, but they rammed the tooth-brush at his gums again, and he had to drink half a pint of warm water.—The son-in-law said he wasn't going to have his family disgraced by a suicide in the house, and he shouted for more eggs. The old man tried to beg off, but they held his head, jerked down his chin, and the eggs went down his throat. While waiting for the doctor the son-in-law got the old man out of bed and pranced him up and down the hall with nothing on him but a long night shirt. He made the pioneer get up and travel like a buffalo, leaping him over chairs and up and down and around. The old man shouted again and again that he hadn't tried to commit suicide, but the son-in-law said it was too thin, and continued to prance him until the doctor came. The doctor said it was morphia, and he whipped out a stomach-pump and rolled up his sleeves. The old man begged that they wouldn't pump him out, but they were firm.—He was thrown down and held fast, and they jingled the rubber tube down his throat and the doctor manned the brakes and pumped away. He said it was a grave case, but it was barely possible that the patient might be saved. He pumped away until the reservoir was empty, and then they ran the old man around again, fed him more eggs, felt his pulse, gave him some more warm water, and the doctor said it was the nicest little job he had had for six months. The old pioneer is abed yet, but is recovering, and the son-in-law expects the most gratifying results from the experience.

A Murderer Who Became a Capitalist.

Portland (Me.) Argus.

Long years ago, say 1826 or thereabouts, John Morgan lived in the "wind-mill house" in this city. Mr. Morgan was a fisherman, a large, muscular man, and his wife was a very handsome woman. In one of the frequent absences of the husband the wife left their home. On returning at one time he found her absent. He took his fish knife, went to a neighbor's and ground it to a keen edge, responding to the inquiry as to what he was going to do with it, that he was going to kill a hog. He then went in search of his wife, and demanded of her that she should return. This the wife refused, replying that she was going to do as she pleased. High words passed, when he drew his knife and gave her a stab in the breast, killing her instantly. He then went to his own house and attempted to kill himself, inflicting fearful injuries. Dr. Stephen Cummins, when called, said they would prove fatal in two hours, and that it was hardly worth while to dress his wounds. It was done, however, and the man removed to the poor-house to be cared for. He was constantly attended. One night two or three weeks afterward he sent the attendant out of the room on some pretext, and when he returned John Morgan was gone. The window was up, and there was the ladder on which he descended or was carried down. It was reported that some men from Westbrook, masons, carried him off. From that day nothing was heard of the departed dying man until a few days since, when a letter was received from a lawyer in New York inquiring for the heirs of the said John Morgan. It now appears that after the escape he found his way to New York, where he married and accumulated quite a property. It was in relation to this property that the letter was written, and the heirs in this city and vicinity are now preparing to get possession of it.

At a recent high school commencement in Massachusetts, the young lady graduates appeared in neat calico dresses, much to the astonishment of the audience, that had gathered in the expectation of seeing the latest styles in Paris toilettes.

THE SENTINEL.

WILL. T. HANLY, PUBLISHER.

Office: Main Street, over Brown & Young's Drug Store.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1874.

THE BOONEVILLE CONVENTION.

The convention for the nomination of a Democratic candidate to represent this District in the next Congress meets at Booneville, Owsley county, on the 28th inst., and we hope its deliberations will be characterized by wisdom. If that convention wants to see its nominee elected it must put forth a man who can unite all the elements opposed to radicalism. Office ought to seek the man, and not man the office. True worth should be sought for and utilized for the public good by the people. We hope there will be no trickery in the convention, but after a full and fair interchange of views between the delegates the best man will be put forward. We are going to have an animated canvass, and it will take a man who will poll the full party strength to win. Let the professional office-seeker be pushed aside. In a word, give us Mat. Adams, John Dishman or Theo. Garrard, and we can defy the combined cohorts of Radicalism.

MURDER.

The Louisville Courier-Journal, in noticing the killing of Witherspoon, by Portwood, says, "it is beginning to force itself upon the people that the laws are openly defied in every city town and hamlet—in every highway, field and byway in Kentucky, by swaggering ruffians who kill because they know that punishment will never follow. It is beginning to be understood that the daily street-fights, which elsewhere would be plainly and properly termed murders, that have restored to Kentucky her olden title of the bloody ground, would not occur except that the law and its officers are sowed and erige before armed brutality. They are beginning to understand that, in default of the protection that the law should give, they must protect themselves. When this growing knowledge becomes matured we will have anarchy. We will have a season of bloody reprisals, and the social system will after awhile be purified, but as by fire. This is a dreadful outlook. But it is an inevitable outlook, unless the law reasserts itself in time to avert it."

It is certainly a great reproach upon our State, this wholesale murdering, and something must be done to check it. Either our laws are inefficient or the persons whose duty it is to enforce them are unequal to the task. A few hangings would be very wholesome just now. Of course Portwood did exactly right in killing Witherspoon but the law should have taken hold of Witherspoon for the killing of Chambers, and saved Portwood the necessity of incurring his hands in blood. Witherspoon was a wealthy man and an example made of him would have done more good towards the checking of street shooting than all the homilies that could be preached between now and doomsday.

Outside France there are very few people who will not be glad to hear of the escape of Marshal Bazaine from his doleful prison on the Island of St. Marguerite, to which he had been condemned for twenty years. Of course he had assistants, possibly inside as well as outside the prison. With a paper Republic in Paris, handled by military men, the escape of the humiliated soldier and Imperialist, is an event in French politics, for the French are devoted to leaders, and the soldier has always a following. The man the French didn't hang for treason may prove to be a troublesome person to have in the neighborhood.

The United States District Court at Louisville has rendered a decision that is of interest to express companies and those that use them. A Louisville bank gave to the Adams Express Company \$15,000, to be taken to Louisiana. By the falling of a bridge on the Louisville & Nashville railroad, the car was burned and the money with it. The bank sued the Express Company, but the Court decided that the Company is not responsible for the accidents on the railroad, and therefore the bank loses the money.

The gain in the North Carolina Congressional election is significant and gratifying. A proportionate gain in the other States will give the Democrats a majority of forty-four votes in the next House of Representatives.

Senator George W. Swope, who killed Perry Riley, in Owensboro, on election day, has been refused bail, and now lies in the Davies county jail.

GRANT AND THE SOUTH.

The disposition manifested by President Grant to make terms with the Southern political leaders and cut loose from the Republican party does not seem to meet with the encouragement which he probably anticipated. We suppose there is no question now about the negotiations conducted through Col. Mosby between Grant and Gov. Kemper of Virginia; while it is well known that many prominent Southern men have been approached by persons assuming to represent the President with the proposition that they should work for his election for a third term in return for which representative men of the late secession party should be appointed to important offices. Neither is it any secret that the President, since Gov. Moses has proved insubordinate, has held out inducements to the Conservatives in South Carolina that if they would permit him to arrange their nominations for them he would use the power of the Federal Government in their favor. A correspondent of the Courier Journal speaks very plainly on this subject. He says:

"While in South Carolina it was told to me by leading Democrats, who said they knew it to be a fact, that Gen. Grant was in favor of Gen. Ker-shaw for the next Governor of that State. He had sent a verbal message to them to that effect, and wanted them to put him in nomination, intimating that he would see to it that there would be a fair election. It is known that the distinguished Confederate General and the President are warm personal friends, and it is now also well known that President Grant is last weary and disgusted with the misrule of Moses and his radical following. Had it not been for the unfortunate allusion to Mrs. Grant and the Black Friday by Gen. Geary in the Taxpayers' Convention, he would have lifted the iron hand from the State months ago, but he has now gotten over his foolish anger about that matter."

Yet with all these bids for Southern support the President makes very little headway, for the reason that his professions of good will are distrusted, and because it is not believed that he would make such urgent advances for support from the late secession element if he had not discovered that he had fallen into disrepute with the strong men of his own party on account of his connection with the worst of the plundering rings that have thriven under his administration. Gen. Gordon, since his return to Georgia, has felt himself compelled to publish a card in which he explicitly disavows any part or lot in the "arm movement. And yet Gen. Grant's name has been very freely used as a leader of the new Grant party."

THE EXACT TRUTH OF IT.—The Covington Advertiser says, very truly, there must be a change in public sentiment in Kentucky on the subject of blood shedding. That this can not be brought about by education is plain, from the fact that some of the best educated men in the State are quick to resort to deadly conflict on provocation. If we go a little way behind this sentiment that not only permits but prompts the free use of the knife and pistol, we shall find that neglect to execute the law has brought it into contempt, and out of this has very naturally grown the spirit of lawlessness that has done all the mischief. It only rests with the authorities throughout the Commonwealth—the police and the judiciary—to enforce and execute the law with vigor and determination and persistence, in order to root out the great evil. It may take a few years to do it, but it can be done, it ought to be done, it must be done.

The vote in the primary election in the Fourth District to select a candidate for Congress stood as follows: Proctor Knott, 5,388; E. E. McKay, 3,046; W. H. Chief, 2,496; E. A. Graves, 1,624—giving Mr. Knott a majority of 2,352 over his next highest competitor, and making him the regular Democratic candidate for Congress in that district. This will be good news to the Democracy all over the State. There is no man who is more popular with the people, and deservedly so.

Free Masons Moving Eastward. A party of fifty Master Masons under the auspices of the Royal Solomon Mother Lodge, in the city of Jerusalem, will leave New York September 12th, 1874, and visit the lands of the East, where the mystic rites are supposed to have had their origin. These gentlemen will be absent about five months, and arrangements are perfected by which the most extraordinary advantages will be secured them at a comparatively moderate cost. The Secretary of our local Lodge is prepared to answer all questions as to expenses, &c. Address S. M. Spradling, Secretary of Cox Lodge, No. 464, Campton, Wolfe Co., Ky.

The Baptist Association of Kentucky will meet in Maysville on the 3d of September.

SWIFT RETRIBUTION.

The Slayer of Dr. Chambers Instantly Killed at Lawrenceburg Tuesday by a Young Lawyer.

Special Dispatch to the Courier-Journal.

FRANKFORT, Aug. 12.—Our citizens were considerably excited by the intelligence which reached here about half-past seven o'clock Tuesday evening, that Horace Witherspoon, the slayer of Dr. Chambers, had been shot and instantly killed at Lawrenceburg that evening by Armstead Portwood, Jr., a young lawyer of that place. Subsequent information fully confirmed this statement.

PARTICULARS OF THE AFFAIR. From an intelligent and reliable gentleman, who spent Tuesday night at Lawrenceburg, I obtain the following particulars:

On the day of the Chambers homicide, young Portwood and Witherspoon had a difficulty, which came near ending seriously; and since then a feud has existed between the two, and Witherspoon has been heard to utter repeated threats of extreme violence. On Tuesday morning last he came to town early. After indulging freely in liquor, he became aggressive and quarrelsome, and seeking out Portwood, made repeated attempts to force a difficulty on him by hustling him off the sidewalk and in other ways. It is further stated that he was heard to declare during the day that he and Armstead Portwood could not live together in the same town.

About 6 p.m., Portwood, after avoiding two or three attempts of Witherspoon to bring on a collision, left the hotel and went across Main street to the store of Isaac Hoffman, for whom the younger brother, John, is acting as clerk. He found John alone in the store. Soon after entering, he was followed by Witherspoon, who walked up to a water-cooler in the room, and with his left hand started to take a drink, while at the same time he placed his right hand under his coat as if to draw a pistol. Armstead Portwood did not at first see the motion of Witherspoon, but his attention being called to it by his brother John, he at once whirled around, drawing his pistol as he did so, and quickly fired six times. The first shot took effect just above Witherspoon's left eye; the second between the right eye and the bridge of the nose; the third just below the chin passing out at the back of the head. Witherspoon having thrown up his head after the second shot; the fourth and fifth in the heart, and the sixth in the pit of the stomach. Witherspoon did not fall until the sixth and last fire, when of course he fell dead without a groan, with his hand still on his half drawn pistol. A physician, who examined the wounds, says that either one of the six shots would have produced death. Two large navy pistols were found on Witherspoon's person who PORTWOOD IS.

This ends the career of the man who killed Chambers. Armstead Portwood gave himself up to the officers of the law, and it is reported, will not have his examination trial until to-day. He is the son of Armstead Portwood, Sr., a highly esteemed citizen and farmer, who resides about eight miles from Lawrenceburg, in Anderson county.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE. It is mentioned as a singular coincidence that all three of the homicides which have lately occurred at Lawrenceburg happened on Tuesday, and all three, within a few minutes of six o'clock in the afternoon. The killing of Dr. Chambers by Horace Witherspoon happened five minutes after six o'clock, exactly six weeks lacking five minutes before Horace Witherspoon was himself slain by the hand of Armstead Portwood, Jr.

WITHERSPOON'S BUSINESS. Another party who was in Lawrenceburg on Tuesday informed our reporter that when Horace Witherspoon came to town on Tuesday morning he said he had intended to go on further, but on arriving in town he had come to the conclusion that he would remain and attend to business there that day. This sounded ominous for business always meant blood with Witherspoon, and every citizen knew it.

PORTWOOD REGARDED AS A HERO. All agree in saying that since six o'clock Tuesday evening Armstead Portwood is regarded as a hero by every citizen in Anderson county. One gentleman said he could give bail easily in a bond of a million dollars, if required; but it is not believed that he would be held over, as he will have no trouble in proving the threats of Witherspoon and his repeated attempts to bring on a difficulty, ending in his following him into Hoffman's store and his attempt to draw his pistol first after going in there. The people of Lawrenceburg and Anderson county have felt a great relief since the death of this desperate and dangerous man, and many of them declare that Portwood has rendered the public the greatest service that it would have been possible for any man to render.

WITHERSPOON'S CHARACTER. Witherspoon was a man of the greatest contrasts of character. When sober, he was one of the cleverest, mildest-mannered, and most amiable of men. A few drinks of liquor metamorphosed him into a demon, constantly thirsting for blood, and of late years he has been almost constantly under the influence of liquor. Had he let that alone, he might have been a useful, honored citizen. It is reported that since the killing of Dr. Chambers, several of Witherspoon's relatives of his name had signified their intention of leaving the county, so evidently unpopular had he rendered the name of Witherspoon by his lawless, desperate and bloody course.

Cutting boxes, Cider Mills, Farm Wagons, Spring Wagons, Grain Drills, Corn Shellers, &c., for sale by Hoffman & Son.

Democratic Meeting. At a meeting of the Democratic party of Montgomery county, held at the court house in Mt. Sterling, on Monday, 17th day of August, 1874 on motion, John Samuels was called to the chair, and Will. T. Hanly chosen secretary.

The object of the meeting having been explained by Col. Thos. Turner in a short and well-timed speech, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we approve of the holding of a convention at Booneville, Owsley county, on the 28th instant, to select a Democratic candidate for Congress, and that Richard Reid Thos. Johnson, L. C. Jeffries, Will. T. Hanly, R. G. Salyer, Wellsley Orear, H. C. Lindsey, J. J. Cornelson, O. S. Tenney, Dan. Scott, Wm. Little and John S. Wyatt, be and are hereby appointed delegates from this county to attend the same, and are directed to select an honest, competent and available candidate without regard to their preferences.

On motion of Col. Thos. Johnson, the names of Col. Thos. Turner, Col. R. G. Stoner, Hon. M. M. Cassidy, Capt. L. C. Kash and H. R. French were added to the list of delegates. The Democratic Executive Committee of the county, through its chairman, C. J. Glover, Esq., tendered their resignations, and asked that a new committee be appointed.

On motion a committee of five was appointed, consisting of Col. Thos. Johnson, E. E. Garrett, W. J. Salyer, Wm. Little and John T. Magowan, to report the names of suitable persons to compose the Executive Committee. The committee reported the names of C. J. Glover, J. D. Reid, Dr. L. C. Jeffries, E. E. Garrett, R. G. Salyer and J. M. McCormick, with instructions that the committee select the seventh member, who is to be the chairman, which report was adopted. On motion the meeting adjourned.

JNO. SAMUELS, Ch'n.

WILL. T. HANLY, Sec'y.

Democratic Meeting in Clay. At a meeting of the Democrats of Clay county, held at the court house in Manchester on the 6th day of August, 1874, Judge John Hyden was called to the chair, and S. G. Reid appointed Secretary.

Gen. T. T. Garrard, Col. D. Y. Lytle, H. L. Whit, M. G. Horton, and R. P. Tredway were appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, who reported the following:

Resolved, That we heartily endorse and will maintain and uphold the principle of free government as expressed in the platform of the Democratic party.

Resolved, That we approve the time and place for holding the Democratic Congressional Convention, at Booneville, on the 28th day of August, 1874. We pledge our support to the nominee of said convention, and we leave our delegates free to cast their votes for the best qualified and most suitable man without regard to county or section of the district.

Resolved, That all the democrats of Clay county are appointed delegates to said convention, and who ever attends will arrange among themselves for casting the vote of this county.

The Mountain Echo, Mt. Sterling SENTINEL, and all other papers friendly to the democratic cause are requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting, and thereupon the meeting adjourned. JOHN HYDEN, Chm'n.

S. G. REID, Sec'y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

100 Sacks Prime Timothy Seed.

500 bu. Choice White Seed Wheat

300 bu. Choice Amber "

300 bu. Rye,

In store and for sale by

CHILES, BEAN & TRIMBLE

aug. 13-14.

PUBLIC SALE

—AND—

RENTING.

I WILL sell, at my residence, 6 miles south of Winchester, near the pike leading from Winchester to Jackson's Ferry, on

Tuesday Sept. 1st, 1874.

The following stock, &c., to-wit: 24 head of mules, 15 of which are 3 years old past, and well broke; 2 years old, well broke; the balance 1 and 2 years old; 9 head of horse stock, consisting of 4 brood mares, 2 sucking colts, 3 geldings and 2 yearling colts;

50 HEAD CATTLE!

consisting of 3 yoke of work steers 2 and 3 years old, 8 steers suitable to feed, 7 milch cows and calves, 10 2 years old scrub heifers, 1 old steer and 15 yearling steers and heifers; 80 hogs and 50 or 60 pigs. About

50 ACRES CORN,

in the field; one ox-wagon and cart; 1 spring-wagon; one set of harness for two-horse wagon; one set of buggy harness; farming utensils;

Household and Kitchen Furniture,

TERMS—Ten dollars and under, cash in hand; sums over that amount, a credit to the

First day of January, 1875,

will be given. Notes with approved security will be required before the removal of property. I will, at same time and place, rent my farm.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock, A. M.

A. L. HAGGARD.

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aug. 20-14.—ch Democrat.

I KEEP the best Roasted Coffee in town.

A. J. WYATT.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A GREAT

INDUCEMENT!

PREPARATORY to removal, I offer my entire stock, consisting of

Watches, Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, Solid Silver and Plated Ware,

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For the next Ninety Days. My stock is one of the largest and best selected ever offered in Lexington. Give me a call; I mean to sell, and offer

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Next term begins Sept. 9, 1874. Two full courses, Classical and Scientific, with Preparatory Department. Full Faculty. Tuition FREE. Boarding as low as elsewhere. For information or catalogues, apply to

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Sessions open Sept. 7, 1874; close June 10, 1875. The course of study are extended beyond the usual curriculum, and are arranged in Departments, so as to give opportunity for selection. Address, for particulars, at Georgetown, Ky., Rev. Basil Maury, Jr., President of College, or Prof. J. J. Rucker, Principal of Seminary.

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In every city, town and village in the State of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, to canvass for the "Superior Patent Four-wheel Sewing Machine" &c.

This article sells rapidly, & gives entire satisfaction. Energetic canvassers make from \$10 to \$15 per day. Exclusive territory given to good canvassers. Call or address, SMITH & WELCH, General Agents, P. O. Box 871.

\$5 & \$20 per day at home. Terms free. Address Geo. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

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41 Park Row, N. Y.

Clark County Fair!

The 16th Annual Exhibition

Of the Clark County Stock Society will be

held on

Tuesday, August 25th, 1874,

and continue four days:

Trains will Run Promptly,

AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Lexington.....8:15 A. M.

Leave Mt. Sterling.....8:15 A. M.

They will stop at intermediate stations, and return in the afternoon at reasonable hour.

JOHN W. PREWITT,

aug. 13-14. President.

SAYRE

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Complete Course of Study!

THE Twenty-first Annual Session of this Institute commences on Monday, 14th September. Early application should be made to the Principal, as the number of boarders is limited to twenty-four.

We are permitted to publish the following extract from a letter written by the Rev. J. W. Pratt, I. D., President of Central University, Richmond, Ky.

"I attended some of the ordinary daily class recitations in the Sayre Institute during the month of May. I was charmed with the whole aspect of things. It is hard to put upon a half sheet of note paper all that I could say in commendation of the method and quality of the teaching, which seemed to me to characterize all the departments. The school is admirably managed, and has many valuable appliances. The enthusiasm of the teachers and scholars, the thoroughness of the full order and quietude with which everything moved on, all these things taken together made an most pleasing impression on me in regard to the Institute."

aug. 16-14oct.

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(Successor to Geo. T. Shaeckelford)

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We keep on hand at all times every article usually found in a First-Class Grocery Store. Our stock is entirely

NEW AND FRESH!

Having been bought in the last ten days. Our prices will compare favorably with those of any establishment in this or the adjoining towns. We solicit a call from the public, guaranteeing satisfaction both in price and quality of goods. [Jan. 8 ly.]

WILLIAM T. HOWE,

Wholesale and Retail Grocer,

Commission and Forwarding Merchant,

Corner Main and Maysville Streets, MT. STERLING, KY

Having bought out the stock of Howe & Grubbs, I ask an inspection of my Large Stock of

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

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MEAL BACON,

WOODENWARE, BASKETS,

Clover, Timothy and Grass Seeds,

Pure Whiskey, Apple Brandy, &c.

My terms are exclusively for Cash or Country Produce, as I have abandoned the credit system.

Cash and prompt paying buyers will find it to their interest to call at the "Old Corner."

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VALUABLE

Farming and Mineral FREE STONE WORKS.

Constantly on hand or sawed to order,

Window Sills, Window Caps,

DOOR SILLS,

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For front walks,

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At one half cost of cut stone. Orders 1

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